Rous (Sir John) Bt

ROUS,

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FOR EVER.

YE *Suffolk* Freeholders with Freedom rejoice,
Let the Vallies reſound, with your echoing Voice,
Fill your Glaſſes Lip-high, with one Voice let us ſing,
Succeſs to brave Rous his Election and King.

Chorus. *Derry down, &c.*

See his Breaſt with what generous Friendſhip it glows,
And feels that ſweet Bleſſing himſelf he beſtows,
With what Candour and Truth, can a Lover do more,
In Support of his Country, Election and Poor.

Derry down, &c.

May each honeſt Patriot promote and defend,
It's for Rous, our Country, Religion, and Friend,
May he meet juſt Reward, as his Actions ſhine juſt,
It's to Rous let us ſing, and to Rous let us toaſt,

Derry down, &c.

Our Fears are all o'er and our Hearts are at eaſe,
So the oppoſite Party may do as they pleaſe;
We ſcorn to accept of a Bribe for a Vote,
For our Men are all ſtaunch, and are true Hearts of Oak,

Derry down, &c.

Then Britons be jolly and gay as you will,
Puſh the briſk Glaſs around and the Bowl let us fill,
Then with Hand and with Heart may we never depart;
The Election is Rous's, for we love him at Heart.

Derry down, &c.

I'm a well-meaning Briton, and I have a Vote,
For my Heart it ſhall never be wrong if I know it,
I'll adhere to no Party of the oppoſite Side,
Nor the ſcandalous Term of accepting a Bribe.

Derry down, &c.

The Poet concludes now the End his Song,
May the Days of brave Rous be happy and long,
Not a PITT would do more for his Country and King,
Drink a Health to brave Rous, for Rous is the Thing.

Derry down, &c.

Here's a Health to the *Suffolk* Freeholders I ſay,
I wiſh them Succeſs on the Election Day,
For they are People of Spirit and will merit Applauſe,
And their Hearts are with Rous, if they die in the Cauſe:

Derry down, &c.